

THE ^{1077. h. 2}
SCRIBBLERS
LASH'D.

*You write Pindaricks! and be d——n'd
Write Epigrams for Cutlers;
None with thy Nonsense will be sham'd,
But Chamber Maids, and Butlers.
In t'other World expect dry Blows,
No Tears shall wipe thy Stains out:
Horace shall pluck thee by the Nose,
And Pindar beat thy Brains out.*

T. BROWN to D'URFY.

By ALLAN RAMSAY. *K*



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THE
SECRETARY
L. A. S. H. D.





THE
SCRIBBLERS
LASH'D.

THAT I thus prostitute my Muse
On Theme so low, may gain Excuse;
When following Motives shall be thought on,
Which has this dogrel Fury brought on.
I'm call'd in Honour to protect
The FAIR, when treat with Disrespect:
Besides, a Zeal transports my Soul,
Which no Constraint can e'er Controul;
In Service of the Government,
To draw my Pen, and Satyr vent,

Against vile Mungrels of *Parnassus*,
Who through Impunity oppress us.
'Tis to correct this scribling Crew,
Who as in former Reigns, so now
Torment the World, and load our Time
With Jargon cloath'd in wretched Rhime,
Disgrace of Numbers! Earth! I hate them!
And as they Merit, so I'll treat them.

And first, these ill bred Things I lash,
The hated Authors of that Trash,
In publick spread with little Wit;
Much Malice, rude and bootless Spite;
Against the SEX who have no Arms,
To shield them from insulting Harms;
Except the Light'ning of their Eyes,
Which none but such blind Dolts defies.

Ungen'rous War ! T' attack the Fair,
But Ladies fear not, ye'r the Care
Of every Wit of true Descent,
At once their Song and Ornament :
They'll ne'er neglect the lovely Croud,
But spite of all the Multitude
Of scribling Fops, assert your Cause,
And execute *Appolo's* Laws :
Appolo, who the BARD inspires
With softest Thoughts and divine Fires ;
Than whom on all the Earth there's no Man,
More Complaisant to a fine Woman.
Such Veneration mixt with Love,
Points out a Poet from above :
But *Zanny's* void of Sense, or Merit,
Love, Fire, or Fancy, Wit or Spirit.
Weak, Frantick, Clownish, and Chagreen,
Pretending, prompt by zealous Spleen ;

T' affront your Head-Dress, or your Bone-Fence,
Make Printers Presses groan with Nonsense:
But while *Sol's* Off-spring lives, as soon
Shall they pull down his Sister Moon.

They with low incoherent Stuff,
Dark Sense, or none, Lines lame and rough,
Without a Thought, Air or Address,
All the whole Logerhead confess.
From clouded Notions in the Brain,
'They scribe in a cloudy Strain,
Desire of Verse they reckon Wit,
And Rhime, without one Grain of it.
Then hurry forth in publick Town
Their Scrauls, lest they should be unknown;
Rather than want a Fame, they choose
The Plague of an infamous Muse.

Unthink-

Unthinking, thus the Sots aspire,
And raise their own Reproach the higher:
By meddling with the Modes and Fashions,
Of Women of politest Nations.
Perhaps by this they'd have it told us,
That in their Spirit something bold is,
To challenge those who have the Skill,
By Charms to save, and Frowns to kill.

If not Ambition, then 'tis Spite,
Which makes the puny Insects write;
Like old and mouldy Maids turn'd four,
When distant Charms have lost their Pow'r;
Fly out in loud Transports of Passion,
When ought that's new comes first in Fashion;
'Till by degrees it creeps right snodly
On Hips, and Head-Dress, of the g——:

Thus

Thus they to please the sighing Sisters,
 Who often Beet them in their Misters;
 With their malicious Breath set fail,
 And write these silly Things they rail.
 Pimps! Such as you can ne'er extend
 A flight of Wit, which may amend
 Our Morals; that's a Plot too nice,
 For you to laugh Folks out of Vice.
 Sighing! Oh, hey! Ye cry, Alace!
 This Fardingale's a great Disgrace!
 And all indeed, because an ANGLE,
 Or FOOT is seen, might Monarchs mangle;
 And makes the Wife with FACE upright,
 Look up, and bleſs Heav'n for their Sight.

In your Opinion next nought Matches,
 O; horid Sin! The Crime of Patches!

The Scriblers lash'd.

9

'Tis false ye Clowns: I'll make't appear,
The glorious Sun does Patches wear;
Yea, run thro' all the Frame of Nature,
You'll find a Patch for every Creature;
Even you your selves ye blackned Wretches,
To *Heliconians* are the Patches.

But grant the Ladies Modes were Ills
To be reform'd; your creeping Skills,
Ye *Rhimers*, never would succeed,
Who write what the Polite ne'er read.
To cure an Error of the FAIR,
Demands the nicest prudent Care:
Wit utter'd in a pleasing Strain,
A Point so delicate may gain.
But that's a Task, as far above
Your shallow Reach, as I'm from Jove.

B

No

'Tis

No more then let the World be vexed,
With Baggage empty and perplexed:
But learn to speak with due Respect,
Of *Peggie's* BREASTS, and Ivroy NECK:
Such pur-blind Eyes as your's 'tis true,
Shou'd ne'er such divine BEAUTIES view.
If *Nellie's* Hoop be twice as wide,
As her two Pretty LIMBS can stride:
What then? Will any Man of Sense
Take Umbrage, or the least Offence;
At what even the most Modest may,
Expose to *Phœbus'* brightest Ray?
Does not the Handsom of our City,
The Pious, Chast, the Kind and Witty,
Who can afford it, great and small,
Regard well shapen Fardingale?
And will you, *Mag-pys!* make a Noise,
You! grumble at the Lady's Choice!

Pray

The Scriblers last'd.

33

Pray leave't to them, and Mothers wife,
Who watch their Conduct, Mien and Guise,
To shape their Weeds as fits their Ease;
And place their Patches as they please.
This shou'd be granted without grudging,
Since we all know they're best at judging,
What from Mankind demands Devotion;
In Gesture, Garb, free Airs, and Motion.
But you! unworthy of my Pen!
Unworthy to be class'd with Men!
Waste to *Caffar*, ye clumsy Sots,
And there make Love to *Hottontots*.

Another Set with Ballads waste
Our Paper, and debauch our Taste;
With endless 'larums on the Street,
Where Crowds of circling Rabble meet.

The Vulgar judge of Poetry,
By what these Hawkers sing and cry:
Yea, some who claim to Wit amiss,
Cannot distinguish that, from this.
Hence Poets are accounted now
In *Scotland*, a mean empty Crew:
Whose Heads are craz'd, who spend their Time,
In that poor wretched Trade of Rhime.
Yet all the learn'd deserving Part,
Of Mankind own the heav'nly Art,
Is as much distant from such Trash,
As lay'd *Dutch* Coin from *Sterling* Cash.

Others in lofty Nonsense write,
Incomprehensible's their Flight;
Such magick Pow'r is in their Pen
They can bestow on worthless Men,

The Scriblers last'd.

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More Vertue, Merit and Renown,
than ever they cou'd call their own,
they write with arbitrary Power,
and pitty 'tis they should fall lower;
nor stoop to Truth, or yet to medle,
with common Sense. For Crambo didle.

ime,

But none of all the rhiming Herd,
are more encourag'd, and rever'd
heavy Souls to their's allay'd,
then such who tell who lately died.
Sooner is the Spirit flown,
from its Clay Cage, to Lands unknown,
than some rash Hackney gets his Name,
and thro' the Town laments the same:
An honest Burgefs cannot dy,
but they must weep in Elegy;

More

Even

Even while the virtuous Soul is soaring
Thro' middle Air, he hears it roaring.

These Ills, and many more Abuses,
Which plague Mankind and vex the Muses,
On Pain of Poverty shall cease,
And all the Fair shall live in Peace:
And every one shall die contented,
Happy when not by them lamented:
For great *Appolo* in his Name,
Has ord'ed me thus to proclaim:

Forasmuch as a grob'ling Green,
With narrow Mind, and brazen Beem,
Wou'd fain to Poets Title mount,
And with vile Maggots rub Affront,
On an old virtuous Nation,
Where our lov'd Pine, maintain their Station